

secrets

by WhiteWhisperingWind

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Summary: Allen had been hiding something from the black order, and it is revealed suddenly, what will he do when they all find out? one-shot.

1. Chapter 1

It was a peaceful morning within the Black Order's walls, the sound of rain pattering on the glass windows was heard throughout the stone halls and rooms.

But within the Black Order's halls, within a certain room, on a bed, laid a white haired, pale, and lean young man.

A red scar right down the left side of his face, from just above his brow to his jawline.

He was laying there, under the covers, clad in black pajamas, his mind wandering.

In a second bed, laid a slightly older male, whose skin was slightly darker than the others, two dot markings on his forehead, which was partially covered by golden-blond hair.

The latter of the two was asleep, his breathing steady.

The former of the two just stared at the ceiling.

'_Something feelsâ€| wrong._' Came the thoughts of the white haired one.

Sitting up and opening his liquid silver eyes, he gazed at the mirror across from his bedâ€|

Only to find that some red and electric blue seemed to be leaking into his iris'â€|

Not that it was too noticeable, butâ€¦

Some very mild cursing ran through his mind.

Nothing else seemed out of place for him though, but it worried him.

It worried him because they would think the fourteenth was taking control of him, when that, in fact, would mean his eyes would be gold.

Not red and blue.

'_Why do they keep trying to peg me as the enemy, when I have done nothing but help them?_'

He sighed, but no sound was heard-

His eyes widened.

Attempting to say something aloud, nothing was heard; his voice was gone.

Shifting of blankets was heard as the other woke up.

"Allen, what's wrong?" the other said sleepily.

He blinked, and signed [Hello L-I-N-K.], spelling out the name 'Link'.

Link blinked, his hazel eyes wide in surprise.

"Walker, why are you using sign language, and since when you know it for that matter?" Link asked quickly.

Allen froze, a look of mild annoyance spread across his face.

He didn't think that through.

"Walker, Answer, Now."

Allen sighed, and attempted to tell him that... his voice was gone.

"Speak Louder, Walker." Link pressed, he seemed full awake now.

I Can't Speak! Alright! Allen yelled silently to the heavens as a single, electric blue tear fell from his left eye.

Link seemed to get the point, his eyes widening in shock.

"You can't speak?"

Allen nodded, turning his back to Link as he stared out the window.

He didn't know how much time passed before link asked "Walker, you haven't eaten yet. Aren't you hungry?" in confusion.

Allen shook his head, he wasn't hungry.

To tell the truth, his stomach was knotted up as his mind came up with images of things that could happen if the Black Order found outâ€|

He didn't want to return to his old form, he knew how humans acted around his kind, he knew how they would reactâ€| and that heâ€|

Allen buried his face in his hands, red and blue tears streaming down his face at the thought of what he was forced to leave behind, and what had happened.

"Walkerâ€|?" Link prompted in confusion, a slight bit of fear in his eyes as he saw the color of the tears.

Allen merely pulled his knees up to his chest, wrapping his arms around his knees he once again buried his face.

"Walkerâ€|" Link sighed, walking out of the room in a business suit.

A few minutes later, Link returned with another person.

They were slightly taller than Link, their skin was slightly paler than Link, their hair such a dark black that it had a blue sheen.

Their irises were black, and his eyes were narrowed in annoyance.

"Why did you drag me to the damn moyashi's room?" the taller one growled.

"Kanda," Link stated simply, and forced Kanda to look at Allen.

Kanda froze, "What's wrong, moyashi?" he asked, attempting to get a rise out of Allen.

Allen didn't respond, instead, he was silently reciting the periodic table to himself.

"Moyashi." Kanda growled, this was beginning to get on his nerves.

Kanda began to draw his sword.

Hearing the sound of a sword being unsheathed, Allen flinched, and looked at them through his left eye.

The eye was half silver, half electric blue by this point.

Kanda's eyes widened, "Moyashi, what happened?" he whispered.

Allen looked away, and Kanda walked over to him.

Forcing Allen to look at him.

Allen's eyes flew wide open, his now heterochromic eyes staring wide

eyed at Kanda.

His left eye was almost three fourths electric blue, and his right three fourths fire red, the silver slowly melting away.

Red and blue tears still ran down his cheeks.

Allen had come to find Kanda a bit like a younger brother, which might confuse others as Allen was younger, right?

_Kanda_â€| he said, no sound heard as his mouth moved.

Allen launched himself forward, wrapping his arms around Kanda.

Kanda's eyes were wide open in shock, and slowly, he wrapped his arms around Allen, patting his back.

CRASH!

The sound of something exploding was heard, and maniacal laughter followed it.

A girl with ashen grey skin, ocean blue hair, golden eyes, and black stigmata, appeared.

She was wearing odd clothes, a black tutu, purple and pink stockings with tap dancing shoes, a white dress shirt and a red bow.

She was sitting upon a floating pink umbrella that had a pumpkin head, it was yelling rather unpleasant things at her.

This was a Noah, more specifically, Rhoad Kamelot, the ninth Noah.

"Allen is mine!" she yelled possessively.

Kanda forcefully removed Allen's grip on him, and stood in front of Allen, attempting to shield him from the most sadistic of the Noah's.

Drawing his sword, he attacked Rhoad.

"I don't think so!" she cackled, many sharp candles appeared, heading straight towards Kanda, ready to impale him.

Link was readying his sealsâ€| when Allen jumped in front of Kanda.

A candle hit him.

Craaaacccckkkkâ€|

Came the sound of bone cracking.

The air around them became thicker, weighing down on them, preventing them from moving.

Allen shook, as if laughing.

An inhuman smile spread across his face.

A pair of hands appeared, floating in the air next to Allen.

No, a couple pairs of hands.

All of which had holes in the middle of the palms.

[You broke the seal.] Allen signed, the scar on his face disappearing in an evaporation like fashion, instead, a black crack like marking took its black, running from the bottom of his left eye to his mouth.

A burst of wind and purple light from around Allen forced everyone to close and shield their eyes.

The moment they were able to open their eyes, they were met with the sight of broken bricks, and dust.

And a new figure.

A new figure stood in Allen's place.

They were tall, probably about six foot four inches, but this, wasn't what caught their attention first.

No, it was something else.

They had no skin, no muscle, the head was a skull, and the hands skeletal as well, also sporting the holes in the palms just as the floating hands did.

He "the figure obviously a male, even if a skeleton- wore black pants, black dress shoes, a grey turtle neck, and a white lab coat that was long enough to just barely dust the ground.

He stood straight, an aura of intelligence and strength surrounding him.

There was a crack like marking running from the top of his right eye, to the top of his skull.

His eyes glowing the same heterochromic colors as Allen's were moments before.

[I have had enough of this game of cat and mouse.] He signed simply, his smile growing larger as the air became even _heavier_.

A ram like skull appeared, a faint blue glow surrounding them.

Rhoad looked at him in utter confusion, laughing to herself over his silly prop like weapons.

"How would you ever attack me with those?" she laughed.

[Like this.] He signed, and almost immediately, a ball of energy charged in the center of the ram skull's mouth.

Raising his hand, he slashed it down, and the skull released the charge in the form of a beam.

Rhoad screamed as she was hit by the bright beam of energy, her body disintegrating almost upon touch.

'_Hehâ€¦ I couldn't keep it from themâ€¦ all because of a stupid candle._' His thoughts started to become hazy, he had overdone it after not using such abilities in a _long_ time.

He fell to his knees as exhaustion hit him hard, the blasters and floating hands evaporating into thin air, his eyes no longer glowing.

"Oi!" Kanda yelled.

His eyes closed as he fully collapsed onto the ground.

Link cautiously walked forward, and when he saw no sign of the skeleton moving, he rolled them over.

And was shocked and a tad bit frightened when he noticed that the skeletonâ€¦ was breathing.

Even if only slightly, then it also puzzle him that the bones seemed to be joined together in the hand, which made it possible for the holes to be there and the hands to not fall apartâ€¦ but, that still didn't make any sense, as bones were held together by muscles and tendons.

Then another mystery, besides Allen seemingly being missing, was the fact the eye sockets were mostly closed, nothing but thin black lines, as if the skeleton were somehow asleep.

Suddenly, the matron burst into the room, or what was left of it anyways.

"Anyone here inj-" she began, only to stop when she saw Kanda, Link, and a skeletonâ€¦ and no Allen.

"Why is there a skeleton completely dressed, and Allen is nowhere in sight?" the matron asked, her voice raising as she grew panicked.

Then it clicked for link, the skeletonâ€¦ _is_ Allen.

But with the final screech the matron gave at the end of her sentence, he woke up.

Silently groaning, his body felt heavy, but still, he moved his arms, pushing against the ground to sit back up, his skull pounding with pain from the sudden surge of magic through his body after so long.

He opened his eyes slightly, the dots that were previously glowing red and blue, were now just a white, like his skull.

The matrons screeching was heard, and he held his skull with his left hand, the loud noise having made his head feel like it had been hit by a sledge hammer.

He almost collapsed back onto the ground completely as his skull

pounded with pain.

But Kanda caught him before he could fall back onto the ground.

"Allenâ€|?" Kanda asked in uncertainty if it was him.

Allen nodded, wincing from the pain.

Immediately, Link, the Matron, and Kanda asked how this was possible.

Their reactions varied, Link looked in general, shocked.

The Matron was freaking out.

And Kandaâ€| seemed to be taking it the best, his demeanor still calm, and he looked as if he was just generally concerned and confused.

Stabilizing himself enough that he could sit up without help, he did so, and watched in faint amusement as the Matron fainted.

His headache now dimming, he asked [Guess I couldn't hide my true form forever, huh?] he stated with a nervous smile.

"Walker, Explain, Now." Link demanded, a stern look upon his face.

Allen, if still in a human body, would have sweat dropped.

[I guess we should startâ€| with my real name?] He signed, half to himself.

He motioned for paper, as it would get confusing trying to sign his name.

::W.D. Gaster:: was written on the paper.

"W.D. Gaster?" Link read aloud.

Allen, now known as Gaster, nodded, his headache now completely gone.

[Just call me G-A-S-T-E-R] he signed, having to spell out his name slower than he normally would have.

"Elaborate," Link sighed, Kanda staying silent as he watched how Allen acted in his 'true' form.

Oddly enough, no one was disturbing them.

Gaster sighed, [that is not a story to tell right now,]

Grabbing the paper and pencil, he continued quickly writing something in neat cursive.

::But instead, it is rather important for you to understand, that the fourteenth can no longer control me, as I have no blood or muscles for the Noah gene. I only have bones and clothes, see?: he sat down

the pencil, let them read it and then rolled up his sleeves a bit to show them nothing but a skeletal arm, wrist, and hand.

"Butâ€¦ how?" Link and Kanda asked in pure confusion.

Rolling down his sleeve, he signed [I've always been this way, if you don't count my time in a more.. human form. So I myself don't know.] He stated, avoiding the topic he would have had to touch upon.

Neither Kanda, nor Link suspected a thing, at least about the subject Gaster was avoiding.

Gaster stood up, albeit a bit shakily.

His left eye glowed blue, and a blue glow surrounded the Matron, lifting her into the air.

"What are you doing, and where do you think you're going?" Link asked sternly, standing up from his previous spot on the floor.

Kanda followed suit.

[Bringing the Matron back to the hospital wing; checking on others too.] Gaster signed simply, his hands moving quickly and fluidly, his movements smooth as though practiced for years.

And with that, Gaster walked out of the room, his hands in his lab coats pockets.

They passed others who were cleaning up, and those who looked up, froze and stared at the sight before them, before Gaster and the others were out of sight that is.

Other than that, they had no problem reaching the infirmary and setting the Matron on one of the spare, empty beds.

Gaster turned when he heard someone groan.

He smiled when he saw a certain red hair green eyed person, who happened to have an eye patch.

[Hello L-A-V-I.] he signed, his smile growing slightly at the alarmed look on Lavi's face,

"I-it's the grim reaper! A-And it knows my name!" Lavi stammered, attempting to get as far away from Gaster as possible.

Gaster's smile merely turned into a full blown grin as he chuckled, shaking his head no.

[A-L-L-E-N.]

Lavi's eyes widened.

"Where's Allen? What happened to him?" Lavi questioned in a rush.

Gaster rolled his eyes, and pointed at himself.

"What the Moyashi is trying to tell you, Baka Usagi, is that he is Allen. Tch." Kanda scoffed, apparently back to his normal self.

A look of Irritation spread across Gaster's features. He did not like that nickname, he was not short.

"There is no way that is Allen! For one Allen is not a skeleton! Another is he is not that tall!"

Summoning one of his hands, which had a green cross in the center of the hole, he activated it.

Crowned clown manifested, the white cloak, sharp claw, cartoon hand, and mask there for all to see.

[I am not short, and never was.] Gaster signed, a dark look upon his face, his pinprick pupil's disappearing in his anger.

Gaster sighed, closing his eyes.

When he opened them again, they were back to normal.

[Is this enough evidence? Or do you need further convincing, L-A-V-I?]

Looking up at Gaster, Lavi gulped. "Nope, that's enough." He laughed nervously.

Lenalee and the other excorsists were unconsciousâ€¦ except for one he did not want to see.

General Cross.

He had fire red hair, tan skin, half an opera mask covering half his face, red eyes, andâ€¦. A mallet in hand.

Gaster hated mallets.

He never liked them, but he never hated themâ€¦ until he met General Cross.

Cross looked up at Gaster with narrowed eyes.

"Who're you?" he asked simple, his tone attempting to give the person he was talking to a sense of danger.

A wicked grin crossed Gaster's face.

He no longer had to pay off those horrid debts of Cross'!

"Walker, don't you dare think about it." Link stated, forgetting to call him Gaster.

Cross' eyes widened, "idiot apprentice?" he questioned, looking at Gaster in suspicion.

A pair of floating hands appeared, and began to drag link off as Gaster signed [what did I say to call me?]

"S-sorry Walk- I mean Gaster!" Link stammered, not wishing to get

attacked by one of those blasters.

Gaster sighed, and let his 'Magic' hands dissipate.

He needed to destress, as he was getting another headache from all of this.

Walking off to a pretty empty part of the infirmary he lifted his left hand, and proceeded to 'summon' a semi-transparent 'Magic' pen.

He began drawing a glowing grid in the air, adding information and such, essentially writing out the periodic table.

With one difference, besides it was glowing and he was writing in the air, which the others watched in confusion.

Two extra slots were added, number 116 and 117.

L. and M, the information below the letters was sort of blurred out.

Sighing, he stepped back to look at what he had created.

"Love?" Cross laughed, as if the mere idea of love was a child's dream.

Gaster rubbed his skull, and wrote to the side of L. .

_Level
>Of
Violence_

That is what he wrote next to it.

Continuing on, right below that he wrote

::"A way of measuring someone's capacity to hurt" â€"Sans::

And so, began the lecture of a life time for all of the black order, even if it took them a long time to adjust and learn sign language.

And Gasterâ€¦| was rather sad that he did not have a way to get back to the Underground without losing his psychical form, but was rather happy he was able to rid the world of the Noah and finally, _finally_ put Leverrier in his place.

The black order was going to disband, but they noticed that no one would have anywhere to go, nothing to do, and chaos would erupt if they disbanded the order.

And so, peace returned.

White: yeah, i know, short and random, but i couldn't help it.

i needed to write this idea.

i needed it to leave me alone.

****also, for those who have seen undertale before, anyone else think ATK means "Ability To Kill"?****

2. Chapter 2

Gaster sighed as he sat on his bed, he knew they wouldn't react that well..

But they took it surprisingly well.

Gaster was writing with his 'Magic' pen on a piece of paper held to a clipboard, which was floating; a light blue glow around it.

He was rather nervous, Leverrier was supposed to arrive today...

And he wanted nothing more than to strangle the Hitler wannabe and then blast him into pieces multiple times and then-

Bang!

His thoughts were cut off as his room's door was slammed over by the very person he wanted the kill.

Sighing again, he looked at Leverrier with an emotionless look plastered over his face; his left eye still glowing a light blue.

Why couldn't he just have some time to himself and he could justâ€¦ let go?

While the Hitler wannabe was yelling, an idea came to Gaster.

The corners of his mouth turned up in an odd, ripped looking smile.

Oh, this might make the others hate himâ€¦ but the satisfactionâ€¦ it would be worth itâ€¦

And he would have new data to study, so why not?

Setting his dress-shoe covered feet on the floor, he stood up and started walking Towards Leverrier.

Leverrier backed away, panic showing in his body language.

Gaster's white lab coat trailed behind him, oddly making him look more dangerous than he intended to be.

Leverrier backed out into the hallway quickly, and began to run away from the tall skeleton, who was just an inch shorter than Leverrier, but still intimidating.

Once they were both in the very large hallway of the Black Orderâ€¦ everyone stared at them.

The surroundings seemed to lose color, and a black box appeared above Gaster.

::**It Is Time To Judge Your Soul, Leverrier!**:: it stated, Gaster's

smile turning into a frightening grin, his mouth nothing but a black pit.

A heart like shape appeared in front of Leverrier's chest. And one in front of Gaster's.

Gaster's was violet while Leverrier's was black.

Gaster began to chuckle, he knew what a black soul meant.

::**Your Soul,**:: the text paused as Gaster pointed at the heart.

::**Is Filled With Nothing But Hatred And Greed. It Has No Key Traits.**::

A skull from earlier appeared, Gaster teleporting on top of it in a flash of purple.

His right eye turned orange, glowing orange and blue bones filled a select area of the hall.

::**No Patience, No Bravery, No Integrity, No Perseverance, No Kindness, No Sense Of Justice and no Determination.**:: the box stated.

Some of the others seemed to be catching onto the fact, that it was Gaster speaking through the box, and not just some random text.

::**You Have Sinced In Ways Worse Than Chara Herself, who is a demon.**::

There were many gasps, Gaster knew a demon by name?

::**She May Have Been A Human At Some Point, But You Have Done Worse.**::

A blue glow surrounded Leverrier and the black heart, lifting him into the air.

::**Chara Became A Demon In An Attempt To Free My People.**:: the text began to seemingly glitch.

Gages appeared, next to Leverrier, and Gaster.

Gaster - LV. 40 - HP. 36000/36000 - ATK. ? - DEF. ?

Leverrier - LV. 307 - HP. 2000/2000 - ATK. 400 - DEF. 20

Gaster's demeanor turned cold at those numbers.

::**Even A Demon Does Not Have A Level Of Violence As High As Yours.**:: it glitched here and there, but was still readable and Gaster pointed at Leverrier.

How could Leverrier's level of violence be higher than that of a demons?

Two of Gaster's 'magic' hands appeared, one had a green light in the

center hole, not the same green as innocence though. The other had an odd purple color light in the center hole.

::**I Will Let You Have The First Move, To Further The Judgement.**::
the text stated, an odd menu appearing below Leverrier's name.

Fight - Act - Item - Mercy

::**Choose Carefully.**::

Beads of sweat ran down Leverrier's face, and quickly, he jammed the fight button and was given a kitchen knife.

Rushing forward, he attempted to attack Gaster.

Only for Gaster to dodge, and for the knife to be parried by a purple version of the knife, the purple hand having curled into a fist.

::**Bad Choice.**:: the text stated.

The room shook as five more hands appeared; light blue, orange, blue, yellow, and red.

Strings of light came forth from the fingertips of the light blue one, wrapping around Leverrier.

The hand jerked to the right, slamming Leverrier into the wall.

Leverrier coughed out blood as he hit the wall.

Leverrier - LV. 307 - HP. 1500/2000 - ATK. 400 - DEF. 20

::**Chara Had A Reason, You Only Do It For Sick
Pleasure!**::

Slammed into another wall.

_Leverrier - LV. 307 - HP. 1000/2000 - ATK. 300 - DEF.
15_

::**You're Nothing But A Sick Bastard!**::

Gasps were heard, it was widely known that Allen, and therefore Gaster, did not swear, unless there was great reason.

The orange hand balled itself into a fist, and the orange light flickered, white dots appearing all around Leverrier.

Another flicker and they exploded.

Leverrier - LV. 307 - HP. 500/2000 - ATK. 100 - DEF. 5

::**Any Last Words?**::

"Crow!" Leverrier commanded, and many people appeared from pretty much nowhere, their faces obscured by cloth.

::**Such A Poor Choice Of Words.**:: was stated, and when the crows attacked with seals, the purple hand sent a copy at them; parrying the attack sent at him.

Gaster ignored them, and slammed Leverrier into another wall, cutting the last of his HP in half.

::**Burn In Hell, You **_**Megalomaniac**_**.**: and with that, Gaster lifted his arm from his side, and swung it towards Leverrier.

the Blaster charged quickly, and with bright flash of lightâ€| Leverrier was nothing but gone, his body completely disintegrated.

Gaster
>You Gained 1500 EXP!

A square box in front of him stated.

And with that, color bled back into the surroundings, the blasters and hands disappearing soon afterwards; Gaster floating down to the ground slowly as he used his magic to slow his decent, only his left eye still glowing.

When he reached the ground, his left eye stopped glowing; the humans cowering as they backed away from him.

Ignoring the fearful looks, he went back to his room, his eyes drooping with sleepiness.

'_Why am I the world's punching bag? First the pain from the experiment'sâ€| the oppression of the kingâ€| the loss of everything I knowâ€|. Losing my sonsâ€|_' Gaster thought as he flopped onto the bed, dead asleep from using all of his hands at once along with a blasterâ€|.

I miss you guysâ€| Gaster mouthed as tears streamed down his face, his mind being pulled into the darkness that was sleep.

He never bothered to close the door, his mind had been weighed down by sleepiness and sorrow.

Link and the others peeked in sometime later, and saw the jumbled mess that he was.

His lab coat and shirt were all wrinkled, his beds blankets were stained by his colored tears, and a single piece of paper was still on the clipboard.

It had a somewhat messy drawing of him with two other skeletons, having fun in what looked to be a snow covered area in front of an Inn.

Kanda was the only one brave enough to walk in, and actually look around.

He saw the drawing, and the stained sheets.

His eyes widenedâ€|

"Moyashiâ€¦ you lost your family?..." he whispered softly as he looked at the drawing.

Tearing his eyes away, he kicked everyone out the door way and shut the door.

"You really need to take better care of yourself, Moyashi." Kanda chuckled sadly as he set about tucking Gaster into bed, not bothering to change the skeleton's clothes beyond removing the lab coat.

Kanda looked at Gaster one last time as he left the room.

"I know what it's like being differentâ€¦ and losing someone you care about." Kanda muttered as he shut off the lights and left the room, closing the door behind him.

****White: yeah, I know, one shot.****

****But I wanted to give Leverrier **_**Hell**_**. This will be the last time I update this story, as ****kittyluv2000**** is adopting this story.****

****I can't wait to see what they come up with! As this story was quite literally, off the top of my head.****

End
file.